

Stuffed Goose Vibes and all

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by [FatWincest](#)

Summary

Dean goes to visit his little brother at Stanford after not having seen him for almost five years. From what he heard over the phone Sam's doing quite well, having gotten himself a degree and a nice paying job.

Still, that doesn't mean Dean isn't surprised when he actually sees Sam. Instead of his lanky brother with the runner physique there now stood a hugely obese man with several health issues.

And yet, while Dean was shocked, he couldn't help but want more of Sam. And thus Sam keeps packing on the pounds. When will it ever stop?

It had to have been at least the fiftieth time he broke into a home. Dean wasn't sure anymore, there had been enough for him to lose count. At least he knew there had been enough for him to know how to break in multiple different ways. There was a way for every house. So many different types of locks, and yet Dean knew how to open every one of them. He knew exactly how to avoid detection by several types of cameras, he knew how to open windows, back doors, front doors, how to climb up pipes and get in through basements. A professional, that was what he was.

It came with the job description as a hunter, he figured. As a hunter you needed to break in many times to get clues or something else that was important to find a monster.

However, this time, surprisingly, he wasn't breaking in for a hunt. This time it was because he simply was too scared to ring the doorbell (plus it was late at night) or call his own baby brother in advance. He would rather break the ice by, well, breaking in. That way he could avoid the awkward conversation that was undoubtedly coming and the question if his brother even wanted to see him in the first place.

Dean was rather insecure about that, sue him. You'd feel the same way if your brother left you behind for some stupidly normal college life that supposedly was better. What did Stanford Law have that Dean did not? Dean could get Sam in touch with the law too, it worked with himself multiple times. This probably wasn't the way Sam wanted to, but hey, it still was kind of shitty for Sam to leave him like this.

Though, at the same time there was some part of Dean that understood it. Sam never had been the one for the hunting life. He always much rather sat somewhere with a good book and a snack to spend his entire day that way. All the physical exercise their father forced them to do was something Sam had always loathed. Sam simply wasn't like Dean, he wasn't the same with following their father's orders. While Dean followed them blindly to protect his family and keep them together, Sam went against them, which always ended in fights. The only time there was peace was whenever John and Sam were separated.

So yeah, Dean understood why Sam had left. It just wasn't the life for him. Dean got that. But that didn't mean it didn't still hurt. The decision had destroyed Dean for a while there, really gotten him off the path he had been on, the path of the great hunter that would eventually save the world. He had been quite the suicidal hunter for a few months.

But he put that behind him. Now he was back to his normal self and he had been hunting on his own for a long time, trying to get himself back together until finally he felt it was time to go and see Sam.

It had been nearly five years since they had seen each other. They had talked over the phone, sure, every once in a while they had phoned each other to make sure the other one was doing alright. But seeing each other, that just hadn't happened. There hadn't been a time that it worked out, both boys had always been too busy to see one another. And usually Sam had something to do- actually, now that Dean was thinking about it, it was usually Sam who had some kind of excuse as to why they couldn't meet each other at that moment.

This time Dean wasn't giving Sam a choice anymore. He was breaking into his house, because Sam had a house now. Or well, an apartment. An apartment on the ground floor, which Dean figured was an improvement from the motel rooms they usually stayed in.

It was easy enough to break into. Sam didn't seem to have any security, which surprised Dean. Hadn't Sam been taught that protection was the most important thing? He probably had the funds for cameras or something like that, being a lawyer and all. At least that was what Dean heard last time they called: Sam had landed some sort of online job. Dean hadn't even known that was a thing, then again he wasn't exactly well versed in the world of technology like that. There was probably a whole world out there that Dean didn't know of.

Dean snuck in through the window, closing it behind him silently. He turned, looking around the room he was in. It was dark, since it was night, but Dean's eyes had gotten used to the darkness. He noticed that the room he stepped into seemed like a living room with a couch, TV, coffee table, and then a kitchen off to the side where there was a small kitchen table and more he couldn't see with the lack of lighting. It seemed like an alright place, not too big, not too small. A starter apartment, if you will. For two people, like a couple. Or for two brothers who were just a little too close to really be considered brothers by strangers. To his left there was one door, Dean assumed that was the hallway. Then to the front of him there was another door, he figured there was a bathroom behind that. Dean guessed that if he were to get into the hallway he would find a bathroom and a bedroom, the latter in which his brother probably currently resided, but he was distracted by something else.

With a deep frown Dean walked closer to the coffee table. There were packets of medication all over it, along with several used needles.

Oh good lord, was his brother a drug user? Oh no, what had his brother turned himself into? Dean couldn't believe it. How could Sam do this? He was such a smart and sweet boy, how could he ever-

"Dean?"

Dean turned around quickly, ready to fight whoever was suddenly behind him. Obviously that person was Sam, because he was in Sam's home so it would make sense that it was Sam, but even though he knew it had to be Sam Dean could barely even recognise him. It seemed he had been distracted enough by the pill boxes and needles on the coffee table to even hear Sam open the door to the living room- or the loud breathing that came from Sam's mouth.

"Sam?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I-" Dean blinked, staring at Sam, unable to look away. "Sam?"

It wasn't that Dean didn't know his brother, it wasn't like he thought he broke into the wrong home, it was just that he was confused. Really confused. The brother that had left for Stanford Law was tall, almost taller than Dean was, and skinny. He was lanky, built like a damn track runner. He looked like an athlete or something.

The brother that stood in front of him now was fat. Seriously fat. Obese, in fact. Maybe even morbidly so.

A weak smile formed on Sam's lips. "Hey, Dean. Uh, surprise?"

Dean swallowed, slowly looking up Sam's body, eyes fixating on the double chin and chubby cheeks on Sam's formerly thin face. Yeah, surprise indeed.

--- Same time, Sam's P.O.V. ---

A soft creak made Sam's eyes open wide. He had always been a light sleeper, he figured it was because of the way he had been raised. As a hunter you always had to make sure you were ready to fight, and even though Sam had left that life he still wasn't able to let down all of his guards.

Especially not because he had gotten a bit... weaker.

He hadn't meant for that to happen, but it just did. He hadn't even noticed that it was happening until it was too late, and he couldn't do anything about it anymore. He figured his family would call him pathetic and tell him to shape up, but well, it wasn't like Sam hadn't tried. It was just... exhausting. And maybe that meant that Sam really was weak.

Which made it even more terrifying that someone was currently breaking into his home. Sure, Sam had learned to fight and he knew how to do it, but that had been over two hundred pounds ago. Yeah, Sam was fat. And weak. And his health was definitely not in good shape anymore. Which meant he was scared of whoever was breaking in and he was going to have to find some way to fight them off without actually doing anything physical. Because Sam had gotten himself so out of shape that somehow walking was already exhausting enough.

He really had let himself go, hadn't he?

With a heavy heart (and the rest of his body) Sam slowly got up from his bed. Not that he could do that any faster, but he tried to do it as fast as he could. That didn't mean he didn't need to take a little break after sitting up though.

Heavily waddling to the living room, arriving breathless, Sam slowly and quietly opened the door. He peeked through the opening, hoping that somehow he could get a weapon or something to fend off whoever was breaking into his place. Holding his breath (as much as he could as an obese person) Sam slowly opened the door further. Where could this person be? Why would he or she even break into his place? It wasn't like he had many valuable things.

Well, aside from his insulin and other medication, that sure was worth a whole bunch of money. Luckily Sam's job paid him a whole lot, but that didn't mean he had much to steal. And it would be kind of pathetic to steal someone's medication, right? Sam needed it all to stay alive. Sure, you could once again say that he would need to lose weight, but that was (also once again) too exhausting.

With a heavy heart Sam moved his head farther through the opening of the door, eyes widening when he saw the very familiar contour of a body. A shaky breath left his mouth as he opened the door wider, blinking a few times. Was he really seeing who he thought he was seeing?

Was this a hallucination induced by low blood sugar levels?

"Dean?"

The figure immediately turned around, clearly ready to fight. But he stalled in his movements soon after, standing there, stock still.

"Sam?"

Thank God, it was Dean. Not someone else, not someone evil, not someone Sam would have to fight. Because Sam sure as hell wouldn't be able to do something like that.

By now his knees were screaming at him to sit down and Sam leaned heavily against the doorway, staring at his big brother for a few moments longer. "What are you doing here?" Lights. He needed to turn on the lights. He wanted to see his big brother in his full glory so he needed to turn on the lights.

Or did he? Maybe he shouldn't. If he didn't turn on the lights, then Dean wouldn't be able to really see what Sam had turned himself into. He needed to sit down though, his back was starting to hurt too. His body wasn't exactly made to stand for such a long time anymore. So while there was a debate on whether or not he should turn the lights on still going in his head, the thing Sam was sure about was that his body weight was too heavy for his bones and weak muscles the handle.

"I- Sam?"

Okay, Sam was giving up. There was a couch right there and Sam's body was begging him to put his ass down onto it. So he waddled over, slowly and with loud breathing, before plopping his ass down onto said couch. The thing creaked underneath of him and Sam winced, hoping that Dean could ignore that sound.

"Why are you-" Sam sucked in a deep breath of air to finish the sentence. "Breaking into my house?"

"Why are you taking drugs?"

Sam blinked. He hadn't exactly expected that question, mostly because he wasn't taking drugs. "I'm not taking drugs, what are you talking about?"

Dean huffed, arm moving through the darkness. The only light that currently came in was the moonlight between the shades. Sam hoped that this was too little light to show exactly how fat Sam was. Sure, he would have to face reality at some point, but he had wanted to prepare himself a little more for that moment. "Don't act like I'm dumb Sammy, you've literally got needles on the table right in front of you."

"Oh." Sam stared at the coffee table and the mess on it. "Those. Well, they aren't drugs."

"Dude, seriously? That's not- don't lie."

“They’re not, I’m not lying.”

“Damn it Sam, let me-“ Dean moved quickly, reaching out to turn on the lights. Sam had to take a few moments to adjust, and once he did he could see Dean staring at him wide eyed, his mouth open slightly.

Yeah, it must be a shock to see your once thin brother as a fatass, huh?

“I can explain.”

“The drugs? Or the...” Dean paused, moving his arm again, kind of waving it around to show what he was talking about: Sam’s body.

Because that body had changed. Definitely. He knew he had been thin at one point, but that was a long time ago. Now Sam was just fat. Huge.

With a double chin and soft chubby cheeks. With arms that jiggled whenever he moved them, even when he did something as simple as typing on his laptop. With a chest that had formed into moobs, soft peaks of supple fat with stretch marks on the sides, rolls at his back that went around his side and split his thick and heavy belly in two, hiding his belly button. His gut hung down over his dick, hiding it from view. Though Sam also knew that his dick had started to disappear in a fat pad anyways, something that was incredibly embarrassing. Below that were thick thighs that rubbed together, forcing him to waddle. And of course his ass that took up half of his couch, which was also embarrassing as hell.

Sam grimaced. “Both? Because the first is related to the second thing.” He glanced at himself before he looked at Dean again, letting out a deep sigh. “You want anything to drink?” He made the effort to get up, but Dean held up his hand, shaking his head.

“I’ll get it, don’t worry. Just hope you’ve got beer.” Dean gave Sam a smile before he moved to the kitchen. It was a rarely used kitchen. Sure, Sam had a whole load of food stacked in there, but for his meals all Sam did was order takeout. It wasn’t like he was the one who

learned to cook, Dean was always the one who did that. Which was one of the reasons why Sam ended up like this.

It didn't take long before Dean was back, handing Sam a coke and sitting down with a beer on the chair opposite the coffee table.

"So, explain."

Sam took a long sip of his coke before he sighed, running a chubby hand over his face. "It wasn't concerning at first. I... I didn't even notice it. When I noticed that I'd gained weight, I'd already gained fifty pounds. It didn't show very much on my body since I'm so tall, but my clothes definitely didn't fit very well anymore."

Another sip of coke and Sam wiped his lips, avoiding Dean's eyes.

"I didn't cook, I never did. I don't know how to. I mean, I tried, but I always failed. So junk food was easier. And it was freaking delicious. We never had much money when we grew up and we never really had a lot of food to eat, and you tried to buy as much healthy food as you could for us and I guess my body just... didn't know what was happening. The pounds flew on insanely fast." Sam continued, patting his belly which jiggled underneath of the touch. "And then I got super busy and stressed with everything with classes and I guess I started eating more because of the stress."

It sounded stupid, Sam knew. What, he didn't notice what was happening? How could he not? How could someone not notice that they were gaining hundreds of pounds? Sam wasn't sure, but it happened.

"So you got fat?"

Sam shrugged, double chin brushing his shirt. "Yeah, I did." There was no use lying about it, it wasn't like it wasn't very obvious. "It just spiralled after I graduated. It wasn't that bad before graduating since I still had to leave for classes and stuff, but now... Well, there's food delivery, I work from home, there's no reason to even go out. So like I said, it spiralled."

“And the drugs?”

“That’s uhm,” Sam’s cheeks flushed red. “Well, it’s not like this weight is healthy.” This was so embarrassing, damn it. Sam couldn’t believe he was having this conversation. He wished he had done more to lose weight before meeting his big brother again. “I uh, the needles are for the insulin. And there’s high blood pressure meds. You know, to stay healthy. Or as healthy as I can be in this state.”

“Ah.” Dean breathed out, taking a long sip of his beer. “Right. Makes sense.”

“Look, I wanted to lose weight. I tried, I really did. It’s just… Hard, you know?”

“Uhuh.”

“And I just- it’s- I’m sorry.”

“Hey, it’s fine.” Dean smiled, leaning over, giving Sam’s knee a gentle smack. “Don’t worry about it. I’m sorry, I overreacted anyways. I just was surprised, especially cause I expected you to kick me out.”

“Why would I do that?” Sam asked, frowning deeply. “I missed you, Dean.”

Dean grinned. “Of course you did.” He chugged the last of his beer and Sam did the same with his coke, stifling a few belches afterward. “Anyways, I think we should get some sleep, huh? We can talk in the morning.”

“Right, yeah, that sounds good.” Sam watched as Dean took his empty bottle, taking it to the kitchen. He was pretty happy with how this went, at least it hadn’t been totally horrible, right? Dean hadn’t ran away yet, which was great. Maybe this whole thing wouldn’t be too bad after all.

Sam slowly got up from the couch again, groaning at the ache in his knees. His gut hung down against his thighs, a heavy warmth that Sam felt every single day.

“I’ll take the couch.”

“I’ve got blankets in the closet over there.” Sam panted out, putting a hand on the rolls that made up his back. He stifled another belch before he started waddling toward the bedroom again. “Night De.”

“Night Sammy.” Dean breathed out, undoubtedly watching his baby brother’s fat ass shake all the way to his bedroom.

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Dean had never seen someone as fat as his own little brother. Look, he lived in the USA, there were many obese people around, but his brother sure was the fattest Dean had ever seen. It was almost impressive, really. How could someone let themselves get that big? And Sam had said he hadn’t noticed that it was happening until it was too late, how did that work?

He figured it made some sort of sense, seeing as he had always been in charge of whatever they ate. And even though they had a limited budget Dean still made sure to get them the healthiest meals he could. His baby brother needed to grow up strong and tall after all. Dean took care of Sam this way, by cooking everything and providing vegetables and (usually stolen) fruit. There hadn’t been much junk food, surprisingly, so maybe Sam’s body had been shocked by his new diet?

Something that was a shock as well was Dean's reaction to his new baby brother.

He should have been disgusted or something, or at least gone straight into a rant about how Sam should have taken better care of himself and blah blah he should have never left Dean because apparently only Dean could take care of him. While he still was convinced this was the case, he too figured that his brother being this big wasn't all that bad.

Sure, health issues were never a good thing but... It was also kind of hot. Sam was hot this way. Really hot. Attractive, sexy, incredibly gorgeous, whatever you wanted to call it.

Dean had realised he was attracted to Sam a very long time ago. He had never acted upon this attraction because obviously it was wrong, but also because he knew Sam was attracted to him. That sounded odd, yes, but it had a reason. Sam had confessed his feelings before leaving for Stanford and Dean knew that he had to let him go. He could have kept Sam with him, but he didn't. He told him that while yeah, he too had feelings, he didn't want Sam to stay behind. Because hunting wasn't what Sam wanted to do, and surely they would get over each other soon enough.

That last thing didn't happen.

And it wasn't like hunting really was the life Dean wanted either.

He eventually figured that the only reason he was hunting was to keep the family together. To keep dad satisfied and his brother safe. But now that Sam was gone and dad had left him to hunt on his own, well, Dean didn't find any enjoyment or satisfaction in it anymore. He saved people which was great, but he sacrificed so much at the same time. Why couldn't he just go back to Sam and live the rest of his life with his baby brother? Even if his brother didn't want him like that anymore, it wouldn't matter. He just wanted to be in his life again.

"What do you usually have for breakfast?" Dean asked, looking at his baby brother who had just exited the shower. It had taken Sam a long time to shower, Dean figured it was because of his weight. It had to be quite hard to be lugging that around. Perhaps going from super active and healthy to barely moving at all had broken down Sam's metabolism.

Dean couldn't help but wonder if somehow it could be broken down even more.

"Oh," Sam breathed out, moving to sit down with a grunt. He took up about half of the couch and Dean figured that was also the reason why he wasn't sitting down on the chairs. A standard chair could hold up about two-hundred and fifty pounds and while Dean didn't know exactly what Sam weighed, he sure was above that. Well above that, in fact. "I usually order something, since I can't even make myself toast."

"We can order something this time. But, I'm gonna be cooking for you again Sammy. Cause there's no way that stuff from any place is going to be as delicious as my food."

Sam scrunched up his nose, looking uncertain. "Are you going to make vegetable muffins again?"

"Nah," Dean shook his head. "I discovered that vegetables aren't that great anyways, so no worries. I'll make some actual good food, with meat and cheese and whatever." Like Dean was going to feed Sam anything healthy. Sam was looking great this way, better than he ever had. Why would Dean change all of that?

Why not make sure that Sam could never change back? No one would let this happen without having some kind of reason for it. Getting to this weight took effort, it didn't just happen. You actually had to put effort into eating to get this big.

Because Sam was big. Really freaking big.

And Dean liked it.

As said before: he was into Sam. And Dean was into... odd things. Things that most people thought were weird and disgusting. Though he guessed that incest was something 'odd' and 'weird' and 'disgusting' as well. Maybe even more so. But hey, what did Dean care about that? He wasn't even sure yet if Sam was still into him, and besides that, who was he bothering with what they would be doing? It wasn't like they were living a normal life now anyways.

“You can order something from McDonalds, their breakfast items are pretty good.” Sam piped up, making Dean hum. He had eaten breakfast from places like McDonalds before, but he had never really enjoyed it. His own cooking was much better. And yeah, before you ask: Dean did keep up a relatively healthy lifestyle while Sam was away. Though he was more than willing to sacrifice his carrots if it helped Sam keep his unhealthy diet.

“I am pretty hungry.”

“Same,” Sam admitted, making Dean smile. “Here, use my phone. I’ve got more than enough money, and I’m guessing your current job doesn’t pay as well as mine.”

“You’ve got that right.” Dean chuckled, taking Sam’s phone and opening up the app Sam had for ordering takeout. Huh, seemed like he did sure use that a lot, didn’t he? No wonder he ballooned like this.

He glanced at the orders Sam had placed before, noticing the breakfast orders. It seemed to be the same thing every time: two McMuffins, hotcakes, hash browns and coffee. Dean licked his lips, surely Sam could eat more than that.

So, Dean ordered two bacon, egg and cheese biscuits, sausage, egg and cheese McGriddles, two servings hotcakes with sausage and two servings of hashbrowns. Maybe he went overboard a little there, especially since he ordered some food for himself as well, but you couldn’t blame him for his enthusiasm. He was just rather excited to fatten Sam up further.

“Alright, done.” Dean moved to sit down on the chair he had sat in the night before, putting his feet up on the coffee table. He watched as Sam scooted forward onto the edge of the couch, his gut jiggling beneath his tight shirt. Leaning forward, Sam grabbed a pack from the coffee table, along with an unused needle. “Insulin?”

Sam nodded. “Need to take it before eating.” He breathed out, his cheeks flushing darkly as though he was embarrassed. “I guess that’s what I get for not watching what I eat, huh?”

Dean shrugged. "It can happen to the best of us." He watched as Sam skilfully injected insulin into the soft and pale skin of his belly, putting everything down onto the table again afterward, leaning back against the couch with a big breath, as if that action had been exhausting. Maybe it had been at that weight. "So how have you been?"

Sam glanced at Dean, pushing his hair out of his face. "Uh, good, I guess. I mean, I graduated. Got my job, you know all that." He softly said, fiddling with his fingers, his stomach growling. Dean raised his brows, smirking a bit.

"Hungry?"

"I—" Sam let out a big breath, shoulders slumping as if defeated. "I am."

"Let me make you something to hold you over." Dean got up, walking over to the kitchen. He looked into Sam's fridge, eyeing the ingredients. A drink couldn't hurt, right? A nice milkshake or something... Dean rummaged through the freezer and the cupboards, pulling out ingredients. Ice cream, peanut butter, chocolate syrup and more, all blended together into a thick shake. Satisfied with what he had made, Dean gave the huge cup to his little brother. "Enjoy."

Sam took a long sip, letting out a surprised sound. "Oh man, that's good. Real good."

"Duh, remember I'm great making things with whatever ingredients we have?"

"Yeah, I remember." Sam chuckled, taking another few sips. Dean could practically see the calories gliding down Sam's throat and into his gut. Dean wasn't planning on mentioning Sam's weight, but he was simply going to let Sam fatten up more and more. It was going to be because of him now though, not because of stupid restaurants or junk food places. It was going to be because of Dean. Dean was going to fatten up his little brother, and it was going to be incredible.

"So," Dean spoke up again, making Sam look at him while his lips tightened around the straw, chubby cheeks sucked in slightly. "I'm thinking I could stay here for a little while."

Sam looked surprised and he pulled the straw from his lips, wiping his mouth. “Really?”

“If you don’t mind.”

“Shit, no, of course not. I’d love to have you stay here,” Sam said, starting to smile wide. “I’ve wanted that since I came here, De. I’ve missed you, you know? And I’d love to have you around.”

Dean grinned again. “Good, cause I’m thinkin’ I could find a job or something for a bit. Really stick around for now, just so we can catch up again and-“ Dean paused, his grin softening into a shy smile. “Maybe we can be together.”

Sam’s eyes widened and he stared at his big brother in silence, his mind working through what Dean had just said. “You- You want that? Even though I-“ Sam didn’t finish his sentence, but Dean knew what he meant. His body, obviously. His fattened body.

His double chin. His thick and weak arms. His moobs. The stack of rolls that made up his back. His fat ass that stuck out behind him. His thighs that rubbed together as he walked. That belly that hung down over his cock. That body.

“You’re always pretty to me, Sammy.” Dean admitted, making Sam blush even more than he already had been. “I’m serious. I want you.” Sam looked down, probably shy. “Hey, why don’t you drink up? I’m gon’take a quick shower and then I’ll be back for breakfast, alright?”

Sam nodded, bringing the straw back up to his lips. See? Sam listened to him just as well as he always had. Dean was definitely going to use that in the future.

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Living with his brother once again wasn't as hard as he thought it would be. Sam had thought it would be awkward at the very least, especially since he had gained so much weight. Surely Dean would say something about it, why wouldn't he? It was definitely obvious, Sam knew that much. How could anyone not notice when he was this big?

Sam still had no idea how he had let himself get this way. It seemed like it just happened, no matter how stupid that sounded. One day he was just a little chubby, and the next he was obese with several serious health issues. It was ridiculous, and Sam wasn't sure how he felt about it.

His feelings about it all didn't get any better when he stood on the scale a month and a half after Dean moved back into his life fully. The number on the scale went up and up and up, past the number he had been a month or so before, and ending up almost fifty pounds heavier than that.

Sam figured that wasn't so strange, judging by what he had been eating lately. It was the holiday season after all, which was a period of time known for gaining weight. Sam figured that was why so many people wanted to lose weight in January, he thought maybe that wouldn't be such a bad idea for himself. After all, he couldn't just keep on packing on the pounds now could he?

Thanksgiving had just happened and the brothers hadn't celebrated that together in a long time, and with Sam's salary Dean had excitedly suggested going all out. And man, all out they did. Dean had already taken up the cooking, which meant that every meal was absolutely delicious, but for Thanksgiving he had apparently imagined having an entire family over, not just Sam. The amount of food he had prepared was... insane.

The entire time Dean had been around Sam had meant Dean's cooking, but there were some things about that cooking that Sam certainly couldn't remember from their childhood. He could remember vegetables and fruit and whatever else was healthy. There sure was none of that in sight now. The online shopping cart was always full of packs of butter, meat, heavy cream, whipped cream, ice cream- all kinds of unhealthy things, and Dean made their meals with it.

Those meals had sure grown in size as well, from regular meals in the beginning to much bigger meals now. Several plates of food, all with thick milkshakes that Dean made himself. And that continued through to Thanksgiving, where Dean had made enough to feed an entire family. Cheese covered potatoes, an entire turkey stuffed with... Sam wasn't even sure, but it had been delicious. He had eaten most of it all on his own.

He too had been stuffed at the end of Thanksgiving dinner- hell, it seemed like he was stuffed every single meal. But that didn't stop Dean from pushing more food onto him, which was almost strange.

Almost.

Because even though they hadn't seen each other in a long time and Dean was pretty damn great at hiding his emotions, Sam still knew how to read his big brother. Of course they had already admitted their feelings for one another so that wasn't a secret any longer, but the thing was that Dean still had been acting weird around Sam. They hadn't exactly talked about said confession of their feelings since they had first confessed it, which was right before Sam had left for Stanford, though Sam knew that this wasn't the reason why Dean was acting odd like this.

He wasn't stupid. No one would feed their already obese sibling like this. Not when the current diet was so different from the way Dean had been cooking in their past. Not even Dean himself was eating any vegetables or anything. And it was quite obvious that Dean's cooking had caused Sam to gain even more weight than he already had. It wasn't like anyone could deny the pounds that Sam had so quickly packed on during the time Dean had stayed with Sam.

"So? What did the doctor say?"

Sam had felt unhappy about going to the check up with his doctor, especially since he hadn't lost the weight he had promised he would lose. And sure it had been very embarrassing, but it hadn't been as bad as he thought it would be. Which he could mostly blame on the fact that Dean had seemed rather excited to see Sam go to said checkup. Perhaps he was excited about what would come from it? The results wouldn't be any good, Sam knew that, but maybe that was exactly what Dean wanted?

So, now that he was back home, Sam was about to share the good (or bad) news with his big brother who had fed him so well over the past few weeks. “She was not happy with me.”

Dean feigned surprise. “Really? Why not?”

“Well, because I’ve put on over sixty pounds since I saw her six months ago. About fifty of those which I’ve put on since you’ve gotten back,” Sam pointed out, watching as Dean’s ears flushed pink. “And that means my health hasn’t exactly improved.”

“You’ve put on fifty pounds?”

Sam rolled his eyes. “That’s the only thing you take away from this?”

Dean shrugged. “Just surprised, that’s all. I figured you’d put on some weight, didn’t know it was that much.”

“You’ve sure kept me well fed, De.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh come on, I haven’t seen a vegetable in your cooking since you’ve gotten here.” Sam huffed, folding thick arms over his chest, an action that pushed his moobs up toward his chin. He was seated on the couch, thank God, he had already done more than enough standing that entire day. “Not to mention you’ve started cooking meals that are big enough for entire families, I end every meal feeling like a stuffed goose.”

“So now it’s a bad thing I want to keep my baby brother fed?”

“No, not saying that,” Sam shook his head, feeling his double chin wobbling. Dean’s green eyes fixated on it and Sam barely suppressed his grin. See? He knew it. Dean was enjoying this. All of it. “Just saying that you need to pick up more medication for me later.”

“More?”

Sam shrugged. “More insulin and high blood pressure. Oh, and the doctor diagnosed me with high cholesterol as well, so I need meds for that too.”

Dean licked his lips and nodded. “Alright, I’ll pick those up.” He shifted a little where he stood, clearly thinking of something. “So... Are you uh-“ He paused, searching for the words. Dean may have admitted his feelings for Sam, but that didn’t mean he was good at talking about his emotions. He was in fact not at all good about it. He sucked ass at it.

“Mad? No. Just wondering when you’re going to feel up your handiwork. You didn’t make me gain this much in such a short time without searching for the places you got me stretchmarks, right?” Sam smirked a little at how Dean’s cheeks now pinkened. “And before you ask: no, I don’t mind. Not anymore. I did at first, but now you’re into it I just... I guess I changed my mind.”

It hadn’t been good at first, to be so fat. He hadn’t enjoyed it at all. After all, it just happened. One day he was chubby and the next he was fat and unhealthy. It had been weird, strange, not good. And Sam had basically told himself he hated it, because why wouldn’t he? He should hate it, right? It was only normal that he would hate it, because everyone would hate being at this weight. It made sense. So, he hated it.

But ever since Dean got into it and started making him gain weight, because that was basically what Dean had been doing, Sam found himself not minding it as much as he perhaps should. He started feeling more and more comfortable in his skin and once he noticed just how much Dean liked his body, he himself started to feel sexier as time went on and he packed more pounds onto his body. Weird, perhaps, but it was how it worked. And why didn’t he deserve to feel good in his skin?

Sure, he knew it was unhealthy and probably not the best idea to gain more weight, but they had already given enough. Why couldn’t they enjoy themselves? And the medication would keep him alive for a while anyways.

Dean was silent for a few moments after Sam's confession, staring at him. There was no doubt in Sam's mind that his big brother was trying to figure out if Sam was lying or not, only to find out that he in fact wasn't lying.

"So uh," Dean scraped his throat. "Are you hungry?"

Sam smiled at his brother, patting his belly which made the fat on his arm and his gut shake. "Starving."

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And with that it seemed like every last thing that had held the brothers back was gone. No longer did either one see an issue with feeding Sam until he was stuffed to bursting with every single meal, in fact it seemed like Dean was very eager to figure out just how big he could get Sam by New Year's.

Sam had confessed that he was about three hundred and ninety pounds when Dean got to him. By Thanksgiving he was four-fifty, unhealthy and very out of shape. Dean seemed to hope that he could get Sam closer to the five hundreds, something that sounded incredibly heavy to Sam but not so very impossible, especially not with the way Dean was feeding him.

Every single meal was incredibly fattening. Pastas, burgers, pizza, everything loaded with carbs and calories and salt. Whenever Dean could, he would add extra sauce, extra cheese, extra meat and extra butter to everything. And not only that, Dean also made sure Sam drank his calories. He had spent a few days on perfecting the recipe, but soon enough he had taken to making Sam special weight gain shakes. Heavy cream, whipping cream, sometimes even melted butter. Dean added whatever he could to Sam's diet to make him gain weight as quickly as possible.

And that was something that was definitely visible on Sam's body. He had blown up, ballooned, whatever you wanted to call it. With as little as he moved and as much as he ate, it wasn't a surprise that he gained this quickly.

Before New Year's he already had issues moving around to get himself up from the bed, and he used a machine to help him breathe during the night. The weight pressing down on his lungs made it impossible for him to get enough air into his body on his own. But rather than being worried about it, Sam just continued eating as he had been. He just moved less, because it exhausted him and hurt his back and knees. Since that wasn't exactly enjoyable, he decided that he would avoid physical activity as much as possible.

And Dean supported him throughout it all, making sure that he was the one doing the moving for Sam.

Not that Sam's diet didn't have an effect on Dean. Sam could sure see that Dean's body had grown as well. Dean hadn't said anything, but lately he had been wearing Sam's old clothes. Which meant that he probably didn't fit in his own anymore. And whenever they got naked, which happened quite often, Sam could very well see that there had been some pounds added to Dean's frame as well. Not that Sam minded, oh no, it looked real good on his big brother. And judging the way Dean kept eating Sam sure could see that Dean himself wasn't planning on going on a diet anyways.

Sam stifled a belch, rubbing a plump hand over the expanse of his gut, smiling to himself as he jiggled the stretch marked belly that he kept full at all times. The effort of that action left him out of breath and he put his hand back down by his side, sucking in some air.

"You okay?" Dean asked, looking up from where he had been preparing Sam's breakfast on the cart he had wheeled into the room. He still was wearing only his boxers, thick lovehandles spilling over the waistband. "You need your oxygen?"

"I'm okay," Sam breathed out, smiling at his brother. "More than okay. Just hungry."

Dean rolled his eyes, smirking. "When are you not? Don't worry Sammy, I'll fill you right up. Stuffed goose, remember?"

Sam laughed, squeezing a roll of pale flesh at his side, eager to get the food Dean had prepared for him into him. “Stuffed goose.”

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